THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. XLIX.

IDOLS.

"Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone."

THIS is one of those many texts of scripture, that need no explanation. No man cares about the peculiar sort of idols Ephraim had joined. It is enough that the verse inculcates the common opinion, that the best thing to be done in certain situations is to do nothing at all.

The human mind is so consituted, it can neither soar nor sink beyond a certain degree. "Hitherto shalt thou go, but no farther," seemed to mark out the mounds, that were opposed to it from the beginning by the denunciation of nature. Against these mounds it may indeed strike, but will inevitably rebouud, like the wave of the ocean in a contrary direction. Hence we have seen minds, that we thought abandoned to every horror of depravity and sunk to the *ne plus ultra* of wretchedness, when once left to themselves unexpectedly and on a sudden rise to rank again with rational souls and resume their station in the order of created intelligencies. When men get to this *ne plus ultra*, or near it, the best way to accelerate reform is to "*let them alone.*" Leave them to the natural progress of their own motion and it will at length "bring them up from the pit."

We live in an *idolatrous* generation. Men no longer hew out to themselves gods of wood or stone; nor place the heaven, "not made with hands," in a hovel of brick, hay, or stubble. But they worship the God within, whose heaven is a house of clay. From vanity, "*the rock of ages,*" SELF out-thunders Sinai in the denunciation, "Thou shalt have no other God before me!" The word has gone forth among the nations and it will not return void.—They take upon them *his* service, for it has the gentleness of flattery; they obey *his* command, for they are sweeter than compliments. *His* "yoke is indeed easy" and *his* burthen light." Self-righteousness or self-wisdom, self-humility, or some perfection of self, are become the gods of so many, that "as for the Lord God, we wot not what has become of him.

See yonder Curioso, that is passing up the hill. His ruling passion is the love of antiquities. Some work of creation is the only "Antient of days" he worships. Days and nights he devotes to this idol. The collection of antiques engroses his soul. The money he meant should buy meat for a suffering family, he would cheerfully spend for the first non-descript bauble that attracted attention. He lets his chil-

dren go down to a premature grave rather than want a shell or a stone of "good old age." Talk to this man of the folly of his conduct. He will smile in proud contempt at your want of "reverence for antiquity;" and while he is shewing at the wintry wind, that bleak whistle "through the chinks, which time has made" in the walls of his habitation, he will tell you, that from taste for Grecian architecture he values more that broken cornice, which was found among the ruins of Herculaneum, than any well finished building, that might afford warm shelter for himself and family, but which should come from the hands of a modern bungler. The Antiquarian is mad. He likes things because they are old, yet despises the world, though older than ever. Although immersed mid shells and fossils, ores and minerals, he cannot quite "forget himself to stone" and the horrors of freezing will soon bring him to his senses. But if these will not, nothing can. Tell him of wife and children: the sounds pass him, as the winds he regards not. "*Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.*"

Many sincere pretenders to the true religion are yet guilty of idolatry. The monk, that weeps all day, and wakes to pray by night, as if born only to wake and weep; that believes in salvation by works, and that he is one of the saved, is a man of faith worse than an infidel. He is the vilest of idolaters, an idolater of self-righteousness. The true christian does all he can, but distrusts all he can do. Yet try not to convince the former of his error. The bigot would revive, if possible, the bondage of conscience, and deem it a good work to get you burnt for heresy. "*Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone.*"

Truth sometimes presents herself in the person of Paradox. However it may seem a contradiction in terms, it is still fact, that we often find pride in humility. There are men that boast their modesty, and there are men that "glory in their humility." "Why am I not meeker than the meekest man, for I never slew an Egyptian?" is the proud soliloquy of the *haughty humble*. Instances could be produced among christians, but they are moderns, and we cannot call names. But in the old world DIOGENES of humility memory is in point. At the meeting of the Cynic with the King of Macedon, it requires little philosophy to induce doubt, which was the prouder of the two. The idol of DIOGENES was humility and his temple of worship a tub. He avowed his idolatry; and when he desired ALEXANDER to move from between him and the sun, the utmost that he asked of the hero, was to "*let him alone.*" D.

For the Emerald.

THE BABBLER.

"*De te fabula narratur.*"

PATIENCE undergoes no severer trial than by impertinent loquacity. To be under the necessity of listening to tales without pleasure or arguments without force, to be perplexed with the unmeaning repetitions of empty garrulity, disgusted with the pride which conceives folly and the zeal that enforces it, is a situation that might excusably ruffle the meekness of Moses. The author who is dull may be laid aside at pleasure, and the preacher who is heavy kindly invites you to sleep, but from the conversation of the Babbler there is no possibility of escaping, and the incessant repeti-

tion of his clamorous harangues admits no opportunity for repose: If attention was repaid by any however common information, it would be some recompence for listening; but he who has vanity enough to engross all the conversation, has rarely sense enough to make it useful, and his manners are not more in opposition to the principles of politeness than the tenor of his discourse to the refinement of a scholar. It is difficult to determine from what cause this continued insult on common understanding proceeds, except it be from that *affectation* of superior knowledge which most commonly distracts and disgusts with ignorance and pedantry.

The tribe of Babblers may be separated into classes. There is a uniformity of disgusting and troublesome affectation which marks the common origin of all, yet particularities of folly which discriminate individuals.

The *political* Babbler is to be met with at the corner of every street and in the bar room of every tavern in the country. With something like the Sybil's frenzy he can out run the operations of time, and settle by irrevocable edicts the conduct of a ministry, the designs of an ambassador or the consequences of a campaign. To an unlimited knowledge of secret causes and a piercing penetration of principles, or rather (we should say without irony) an absolute ignorance of every thing but the means of "*murdering the King's English*," he will chatter by the hour with dogmatic impertinence, and tire the most patient auditor with incessant streams of loquacity. The newspapers are his bible, and if the sectaries of other religions would pursue theirs with equal assiduity, there would probably be fewer of his profession in the world. In seasons of conjecture and doubt where wise men are uncertain, our Babbler has always some private channel of communication which leaves him no room for uncertainty. The plan he adopts is never conjecture, because he will strengthen it with so many arguments that no reasonable man will doubt its existence. But when his garrulity has convinced all, who had rather assent to any thing than be teazed to death, of the certainty of his conjectures, he generally receives some advice from a private correspondent or hint from a high confidential friend, that entirely changes the complection of the business and leaves again for his eloquence the task of convincing his friends against their former opinions, and the still more difficult duty of defeating his own former *incontrovertible* sentiments.

There are beings whom we may designate as *argumentative* Babblers; whose greatest delight is contradiction; to whom wrangling is pleasure and disputation the greatest treat. For the purpose of contention they will deny the most obvious principles or defend the most palpable solecisms, and enter with all the formalities of forensic discussion into the consideration of subjects that might be decided by simple inspection, or almost by instinct. Too zealous however in *the investigation of truth* to listen to the arguments of their opponents, they give no one but themselves an opportunity of speaking, except perhaps a word or two when they stop to take breath, but rattle along with the rapidity of a stage horse,—answer objections that were never made,—refute positions that were never laid down,—take for granted what was never allowed,—and conclude triumphantly with a proud demonstration of what required no understanding to investigate, and very little logic

to bring to a different conclusion.

The *sentimental* Babbler is of a different kind: he is all softness and humility; full of tender thoughts and philanthropic affection, and forever sighing in your ear some sleeping sentiment of pity for the misfortune of others' lives, or some kind warnings to secure the happiness of your own. Drawing from the circulating library, and mostly from that part of it which the German novelists have occupied, all his principles of conduct and ideas of life, he will so continually sing to you of terrors and troubles, that his company, like an east wind, would fret one into a consumption. Although to fashion himself to the softness of the fair, he can endure nothing harsh, nor rude, nor boisterous; altho' he deals in civility as an *Apothecary in civet*, and can endure neither the manners nor the habit of the world, but is so all over sensibility that the dew drowns him and the moon beam scorches, yet he is continually whining in notes of dolorous pity, and his tongue, tho' not equally *fast* with his brethren, is yet equally *busy* in the common vocation.

There are others of the *Babbling fraternity*, whose incessant gabble runs over an hundred things in a minute and whose noise, like a water-fall, diminishes the sound of all other disturbance; and there are others, who like the hero of the new French Melo-drama, take the words out of every body's mouth, and choose to do all the talking themselves. All these however are the mere eccentricities of mankind: THEIR folly *amuses us*, and WE have follies in plenty to *amuse them*.

EMILIUS.

BIOGRAPICAL AND LITERARY NOTICES CONCERNING THE LATE DR. JAMES BEATTIE, PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY AND LOGIC IN THE MARESCHAL COLLEGE OF NEWABERDEEN.

CONTINUED.

After publishing "*The Minstrel*," Beattie's reputation was greatly increased. Concerning the merits of his "Essay on the Nature and Immutability of Truth," considered as a philosophical investigation, there were different opinions. This diversity was occasioned by the various sentiments of thinking and intelligent men upon the metaphysical subjects which that treatise embraced in discussion. Those who held the same opinions which Beattie defended, considered his work as having claims to unqualified approbation; while others, who entertained speculative notions of an opposite denomination, estimated this attack made upon them, rather as an effort of popular declamation, than a masterly defence of his own, or a successful confutation of the doctrine of his opponents. It was otherwise with "*The Minstrel*," which contains no sentiments but such as all must approve of; whatever be their difference of speculative belief. Its beauties and excellencies were, therefore, not so liable to be veiled by prejudice, and precluded from their portion of due admiration.

By many, Beattie was now considered to be both an eminent philosopher and a genuine poet; a twofold character, which is seldom to be found, and therefore seems to indicate a mind of the highest order. A Scottish poet of distinguished excellence was likely to be prized the more, since, from the publishing of "*The Seasons*" until this time, few poems of great length, and possessing extraordinary merit had appeared in Scotland. Beattie became, therefore, the object of general admiration: he was looked to as the ornament of the university in which he was a Professor, and was judged worthy of being honored with a diploma, as *Doctor of Laws*, by his colleagues of the Marischal College.

For some years subsequent to this period, Dr. Beattie was chiefly engaged in professional studies, in composing prelections for the instruction of his pupils, and in discharging the various

duties which his station in the university imposed upon him. Many of these prelections were written for, and previously read in a private society in the university of Aberdeen, composed of the several Professors. This society is mentioned in the following terms, in the excellent account lately published, of the life and writings of its original founder and greatest boast :—

"Soon after Dr. Reid's removal to Aberdeen, he projected (in conjunction with his friend Dr. John Gregory) a literary society, which subsisted for many years, and which seems to have had the happiest effects, in awakening and directing that spirit of philosophical research, which has since reflected so much lustre on the north of Scotland. The meetings were held weekly, and afforded the members, (besides the advantages to be derived from a mutual communication of their sentiments on the common objects of their pursuit) an opportunity of subjecting their intended publications to the test of friendly criticism. The number of valuable works which issued nearly about the same time from individuals connected with this institution, more particularly the writings of Reid, Gregory, Campbell, Beattie, and Gerard, furnish the best panegyric on the enlightened views of those under whose direction it was originally armed."

To these remarks, it may be added, that this literary society, limited as might be its original object, and however unassuming the dignity of its meetings, has, notwithstanding, modelled the mass of Scottish literature, and has, by its direct or less immediate influence, given rise to the greater number of those works which of late years have exalted the literary character of Scotland. In recounting these profound and valuable works, and comparing them with the productions of other societies, we are the less convinced of the efficacy of a crown-charter, in exciting the emulation or increasing the research of the members of a Royal Society.

In 1783, Dr. Beattie published, in a quarto volume, his "Dissertations, Moral and Critical." These dissertations contained the substance of a course of lectures which he had originally read in his class for moral philosophy, and embraced the following subjects : Memory ; Imagination ; Dreams ; the Theory of Language ; Fable and Romance ; Attachment to Kindred ; and Sublimity of Composition.

"The Evidences of the Christian Religion, in two small volumes, appeared three years after the Dissertations. Dr. Beattie was induced to publish this work, by the advice of his friend, Dr. Porteous, the present Bishop of London ; and though it displays the warmth of his piety, and the greatness of his zeal for the Christian religion, yet it is not distinguished by originality of views, or strength of argument. The author appeals chiefly to the affections of the reader ; he tries to engage the heart, rather than inform and convince the understanding: and though his work may be of use in confirming the young and susceptible, who are already predisposed in favour of Christianity, it will have little influence in converting the infidel who seeks for argument. Christianity can boast of defences much more vigorous and convincing than that of Dr. Beattie.

In the year 1787, his eldest son, James Hay Beattie, was appointed his assistant, as Professor of Moral Philosophy and Logic. This ingenious and interesting young man was the delight of his father, who had bestowed extraordinary care on his education, and now leaned upon him as the support of his declining years. But he was not destined long to enjoy the comfort of his society and assistance. Mr. Beattie was a highly accomplished youth ; for even at his juvenile years he had made very considerable attainments, both in science and the less laborious branches of polite literature. He continued for nearly two years to assist his father in discharging the duties of a Professor, and to delight paternal affection, by the display of numerous elegant accomplishments, by the exchange of rational conversation, by filial assiduities, and exciting the most sanguine hopes of his literary celebrity, when a more mature age should have invigorated his mind. These hopes were not permitted to be realized. Mr. Beattie, naturally of a delicate constitution, fell into a lingering disorder, in the month of November, 1789, and died in the same month of the following year. From the various fragments, both in prose and verse, which he left behind him, we

are justified in the conjecture, that his future years, had he lived, would have displayed a splendour proportioned to such a fair dawning; and our regret for his premature departure is enhanced by the reflection, that he who, in so short a career, was able to have done so much, should not have lived to accomplish more.*

Dr. Beattie's mind received a shock by the death of his darling son, from which it could never recover. He was now declining into years; his faculties, both of body and mind, were much exhausted by a life of continued study; and we are not to be surprised, if, subsequent to this event, he never displayed that activity which had formerly characterized his studies and intellectual ambition. Deprived of the chief solace of his life, and the object on which his family hopes so fondly reposed, he sunk by degrees into a state of apathy and mental indifference with regard to every thing which heretofore had excited his warmest regard. In the year 1796, by the death of his younger son, Mr. Montagu Beattie, and some other domestic calamities of most distressing nature, this melancholy state of mind was greatly increased. His literary avocations ceased to be interesting, and even his former amusements lost all their charms. He experienced that temper of mind which he has so emphatically described in his "Ode to Retirement."

"For me no more the path invites
Ambition loves to tread;
No more I climb those toilsome heights,
By guileful hopes misled;
Leaps my fond flutt'ring heart no more
To Mirth's enlivening strain;
For present pleasure soon is o'er,
And all the past is vain."

Dr. Beattie's amusements were of the most elegant kind. Music was his favorite recreation; and he and his son, who was also deeply skilled in the principles of the art, were accustomed to spend their leisure hours in small concerts with such of their friends as were musical adepts.

As a philosopher, Dr. Beattie cannot rank in the highest class. In none of his prose works has he evinced much acuteness or vigor of intellect; they rather abound in interesting facts than ingenious deductions; he examines his subject less with the keen discrimination of a metaphysician, than the didactic plainness of a common-sensist; and his treatises are rather to be considered as elementary introductions for the use of the tyro, than as throwing new light upon abstruse subjects, which may guide even the adept in exploring the bewildering labyrinth.

As a poet, he has few equals. His "Minstrel, or Progress of Genius," which, it cannot be sufficiently regretted, he did not continue, is written in the genuine spirit of those strains of the heart which constitute real poetry. Such smaller pieces as he has retained in the last edition of his poetical works all breathe the same soul. They come home to every bosom; they are universally esteemed; and the gross and the refined relish their beauties, because they contain those sentiments which can be appreciated by every human heart. When the Philosophical works of Beattie shall have given place to others, and be almost forgotten, his "Minstrel," his "Odes to Retirement and to Hope," and his "Hermit," will be read with tears of rapture by all those in succeeding ages who venerate the memory of Goldsmith and the poets of the heart.

Dr. Beattie died on the 18th of August, 1803.

* *See the Posthumous Works of James Hay Beattie, with the account of his Life and Writings, by his Father.*

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

Several instances of surprising memory are upon record, which almost exceed belief. Of a certain General it has been said he knew the name and person of every individual in his army. Of another person that he would repeat several thousand disconnected words after once hearing them, reversing the order in which they were delivered, and perhaps what is more surprising, of the celebra-

ted Phillidor, that he frequently played at three games of chess at the same time, without seeing either of the Boards. The following extract relates an account of as useful and retentive memory as either we have mentioned. It is from the life of HUGH BOYD.

THE distinguishing qualities of his mind, were memory, clearness, and perspicacity. What he once heard, or read, he never forgot. He could repeat all the passages that he most admired, and these were of course very numerous, in the writings of Demosthenes and Cicero, of Thucydides and Tacitus, of Bacon, Machiavel, and Montesquieu. In Poetry, his favorite authors were Homer and Milton, and he could repeat several books of the Iliad, and of Paradise Lost, from the beginning to the end. The speeches that he had heard in Parliament, or in the courts of law, he always remembered, not only in substance, but in the very form and phrase in which they were spoken. And even in familiar conversation, whatever interested his mind, never again escaped it.

The strength of his memory, and the clearness of his understanding were such, that he could make arithmetical calculations of considerable length and intricacy entirely in his mind; without taking down a single unit, he could in a short space of time multiply nine given figures, by other nine, and give the product; and in the same manner he could, in the course of an hour, resolve any question in the *Rule of Three*, or in *Vulgar Fractions*. In playing at his favorite game of chess, he would walk about the room, and while he was conversing with seeming attention on other subjects, dictate the moves to another person, from being told the situation of his adversary's pieces, and the moves he had made, without once looking at the board himself.

In January 1775, he published the first of those speeches of Lord Chatham's, which are inserted in this volume. Of this speech, the wonderful powers of his memory, together with his having long accustomed his mind to Lord Chatham's "peculiar elegance of style and sen- "timent," enabled him to retain the most perfect recollection; and Lord Temple, and many others who heard it, used to say, that Mr. Boyd's report was *verbatim* as it was spoken: but it is, if possible, still more extraordinary, that after eighteen years had elapsed, I have heard him repeat the greatest part of it. Mr. Boyd's mode of writing down speeches from memory, was altogether peculiar, and therefore deserves to be recorded. He never took any notes of the speeches he had heard; but after attending a long debate in Parliament, he would sup at a tavern with some friends, return home at two or three in the morning, go to bed directly, rise about seven, and write down such speeches as he had most admired in the course of the debate, without once looking at any of the newspaper reports to facilitate his recollection. This is an absolute fact, which many of his friends have often witnessed.

DRESS.

A DRESS too prudish conceals beauty; a costume too free prostitutes it. A Latin poet observes, I do not like Diana when dressed, nor Cytharena quite naked. One is destitute of voluptuousness; the other has too much.

OLD MAIDS.

IT is a false and dangerous assertion, that single women at best pass

their lives in a dull mediocrity, removed indeed from lively griefs, but unacquainted with real enjoyments. Spinsters may be daughters, sisters, aunts and friends, tho' they are not wives and mothers.

CALCULATIONS OF LOVE.

It is needless to address polite readers on the absolute necessity of prudential considerations in marriage. But though the worship of Plutus seems to be the established religion of the age, yet there are a few dissenters remaining who fancy that pure love will supply a good dinner. This rash conclusion is more the effect of ignorance than from any real dereliction of principle, and proceeds from not knowing the *value* of money, and not from a Spartan renunciation of the comforts it procures. Suppose some lace-enveloped Lydia Languish, in the height of her paroxysm for poor Ensign Beverly, were compelled to assist the family caterer in the rotine of purchasing daily provisions, she would discover a great many inelegant articles to which she never affixed either value or importance that have operated as a constant drain upon the needful. If she understand the common rudiments of arithmetic let her subtract these essentials from the Ensign's pay and see how much will remain to be "the food of love."

EPIGRAM

On a dissatisfied man.

Still restless, still chopping and changing about ;
Still enlarging, rebuilding and making a rout ;
Little Timothy *outre* as it may appear,
Builds up and pulls down again ten times a year :
With this altering rage, poor dissatisfied elf,
What a pity it is he dont alter himself.

SENSIBILITY

in this age of refinement and egotism, is in the mouth of every one, and scarcely in the heart of any. In novels, rapid successions of events must be introduced to keep awake the languid mind. The most terrific scenes must be invented to kindle the least spark of feeling ; and the epithet of *intolerable stuff*, is attached to the simple tale, that in former times would have drawn tears of sympathy from the eyes of the unlettered reader.

A good character is, like a gamester's money, very difficult to keep ; and, when lost, still more difficult to regain.

USEFULNESS OF AN OLD WOMAN.

On my return, I found an old woman at a door where she seemed unable to gain admittance. I knocked for her. At last a man put his head out of the window. "Ah! it is this everlasting hag that wakes us : she will never die"

I was shocked at this brutal answer. "Madam," said I, "may I ask the reason of your coming home so late?" "I have been to take care of a sick person ; but, as I have already sat up too nights, they are afraid I shall fall asleep, and have sent me away." "They should have let you sleep at the house that employed you." "I feared lest I should be troublesome. At my age, Sir, we are not sufferable but in cases of the most urgent necessity ; yet there is no tenderness but in women, there is no attention but in old women. The young ones are constantly occupied in taking care of themselves. As for me, I divide myself into four parts when I am nursing one that is sick : I have an

eye to every thing. I do not fear that want of sleep will weigh my eye-lids down, make me become pale, and even indisposed.

"A sick person never constrains himself with an old woman."

I felt that this woman knew exceedingly well the utility of her age. Still the door was unopened. I knocked again, but no answer was made. At this moment a man arrived from the house that the old woman had quitted. "Ah, *Mrs. Thompson*, are you here yet!" cried he: "your patient wants you again; he will have none but you; I beg you will return." The good old woman returned. I saw that she was not destitute of information; she was highly pleased that the sick person had sent for her again. I went with her, in order to have a little further talk on the subject.

"Women," said she to me, "are men's nurses. I heard it once told to an old officer, whom I nursed during sickness, that after the battle of *Rosbach*, the general, who had many wounded soldiers, and few people to take care of them, determined to to make nurses of all the loose females that follow the army, and told them that they would do well to behave properly. Well, Sir, the greatest part of them became steady, industrious, and attentive; they took care of the soldiers as if they had been their children, and saved three parts of them. A woman is often praised, but never sufficiently valued. When a man sees a woman, what ought he to see in her? His nurse, his guardian, his mistress, his wife, his unceasing friend, his comforter in sickness; the being that gives him his first life, that affords him his first food, that is the creator or promoter of every pleasure he enjoys during his life, and whose tender attention can alleviate the dreadful pangs of approaching dissolution. Young, she is beautiful; *old, she is good*: one grateful word over-pays her. Old women are fit for a number of things which young ones are incapable of performing, either from ignorance, or because they will not take the trouble. An old woman is never tired of any thing. I am old, Sir, and I know my value in society.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our poetical department is enriched with the favor of a valuable correspondent. We admire his protean talents, and shall receive his communications with pleasure.

EMILIUS has thrown his arrow at a noisy tribe. If he gets the company of Babblers on him, it would be better he were in *Babel*.

THE THEATRE will be opened on Monday evening. We shall keep an eye on the stage, and are promised much valuable assistance in shewing

..... the very body of the times
Its form and pressure.

In pursuing the same system the last year, we unexpectedly gave offence to the whole empire of the theatre, and armed against ourselves both the monarch and his people. Under its present establishment, with two or three heads, like the Lacedemonian Republic, we shall be in danger of injury if we should unfortunately be *suspected* of using "paper bullets of the brain."

We anticipate again some difficulties of this sort, as we know the tender nature of that pride which is inspired by a consciousness or a fancy of talents.—While our remarks however, are founded in truth and dictated by candor we shall pay little attention to individual capriciousness, anxious only to repay the liberality of our patrons with correct observations on the interesting subjects of the drama.

The Editors respectfully request the loan of all rare publications and new works of merit—They promise to use them carefully and return them within any limited time.

POETRY.

FOR THE EMERALD.

*To *****.*

An imitation of Secundus.

THE urchin Love had drawn his bow,
In act, my girl, to pierce thee thro',
But when he saw that brow so fair,
Those flowing locks of auburn hair,
Those eyes quick glancing, mild, yet bright,
Beaming forth their liquid light;
And that breast, where joy reposes
Between two little hills of roses;
All enchanted with thy charms,
He threw away his useless dart,
Flew in transport to thy arms,
And sunk enraptur'd on thy heart,
Gave thee kisses o'er and o'er,
Choicest kisses of his store,
Gave thee too, each winning grace,
Of form, of feature, and of face,
That, all lovely you might prove
The unconquerable power of love.
And ah! he swore by every God,
Swore by his mothers myrtle rod,
That your bosom should remain
Free from love's delicious pain.
Can we wonder then, thy kiss
Thrills with such delicious bliss?
Can we wonder that you prove
Averse to lovers and to love?

X.

For the Emerald.

THE SPORT OF VENUS.

From the Latin.

ONCE, Venus designing some new source of bliss,
Invented, with frolicksome hand, the sweet kiss;
Temper's juice of ambrosia, with magical art,
Then with nectar infus'd, bedew'd every part;
Then adds part of that honey, which Love by deceit
Once robb'd the poor bees of, tho' stung for the feat;
Then the fragrance of violets, carefully chose,
And full many a spoil, from the summer's fair rose.
These make up the kiss, all so sweetly combin'd,
And that kiss on the lips of my Cloe you'll find.

X.

EPIGRAMS.

Sylvia her gambling nephew chides,
With many a sharp & pithy sentence;
The graceless youth her care derides,
Yet seems to promise her repentance.
"When you," dear aunt, "relinquish man,
Expect me to abandon gaming;"
The conscious matron shakes her fan,
"Go, rogue, I find you're past reclaiming."

I heard last week, friend Edward, thou wast dead.
I'm very glad to hear it too, cried Ned.

Selected for the Emerald.

[THE SUBMLIMITY OF THE SACRED WRITINGS *defies imitation or paraphrase. They have a simplicity, a grandeur, an eloquence, peculiarly their own, and seem to contain, by their singularly admirable style, internal evidence of inspiration. The bold and important truths they disclose, unincumbered with lofty sounds or superfluous epithets, come with full force to the heart, while every circumstance is enumerated that can allure, council or intimidate.*

From these circumstances alteration weakens, and even the thoughts, accompanied by the harmony of verse, are generally less impressive than when narrated with the simplicity of inspiration. The Book of Job, as it is one of the most impresive histories in the Bible, and of such poetical cast as by some to be deemed a moral allegory, has been the subject of frequent version, and the attempt has been repeatedly made, to determine whether the language of poetry or sacred writ was better suited to inspire the variety of emotions which this story creates. Without meaning to insinuate a preference, we offer the following version of the 28th Chapter, as one of the best that has ever appeared; and we speak of it in no common terms of approbation. It is at once bold, beautiful and sublime; and while it displays the tremendous power of the Almighty, obliges us forcibly to realize the truth that no one can

"Stand the substitute of Providence."

We feel confident it will be often advocated

to, and perused with pleasure by judicious and intelligent minds, and are happy to preserve it in the Emerld.

It would be difficult to select the beauties of a production in which every line is poetry. *Yet our readers will feel the electric force of many peculiar expressions, and the happy adaptation of epithets and the style of lofty interrogation has a force and dignity suited to the subject.* We acknowledge it is long, *but we sincerely wish there was more of it; and we have chosen to present it entire rather than break the connection. It is a treat for the lover of poetry which he cannot always procure, and a recompence for any time or labor that shall be bestowed in its perusal. Though selected it is rare, and we believe will now for the first time meet the eye of our readers.*]....Emer. Ed'rs.

The XXVIIIth Chapter of JOB, *paraphrased.*

With quick vibrations of ætherial flame,
The voice divine from forth the whirlwind came.
The skies in undulation shook around,
And Job and nature trembled at the sound.
Th' Almighty thus—say who presumptuous tries
To pierce unbounded space with mortal eyes?
Can finite beings and weak reason's line
Fathom the boundless depths of pow'r divine?
Answer thy God, where wast thou, earth born man,
Ere motion, time, or entity began?
When thro' the skies yon flaming orbs were hurl'd,
Who fix'd the basis of the stedfast world?
Who thus has heav'd aloft each pond'rous sphere,
To float self-balanc'd, in circumfluous air?
Who o'er the measur'd globe has stretch'd the line,
Or steer'd the sun thro' each illustrious sign?
Who laid the corner stone, what potent hand?
Or say, where plac'd, earth's stable columns stand?
Who, when the morning stars in consort rise,
With wings the breeze, with balm the dew supplies?
Say, did the music of according spheres,
Or shouts of angels, ever reach thy ears?
Who fix'd the barriers of the lawless main,
Where foaming to the beach it roars in vain?
Obsequious to their God the waters stand,
Heap'd on themselves, high o'er the threaten'd land:
Billows the voice omnipotent obey'd,
Thus far, ye seas—here your proud waves be stay'd.
Didst thou appoint the day spring to be born,
Or pour out genial light on infant morn?
Didst thou mark where the golden sun should rise,
Or teach the dawn to paint the orient skies?
Who feeds the blaze of unexhausted day,
That drives detected guilt confus'd away?
Gav'st thou the wave o'er peopled wastes to flow,
Or hast thou search'd the chrystal depths below?
There hast thou seen my wond'rous strata spread,
Or billows gurgling from their oozy bed,
Know'st thou how new born winds their pinions try,
Or where, inchain'd the slumb'ring tempests lye?
Say, when didst thou substantial night behold,
Or see the gate to death's drear courts unfold?
Did e'er thy eyes his gloomy reign invade,
Or hast thou walk'd in his tremendous shade;
Where ghastly forms in pompous horrors wait,
And howling woes support the dreadful state?
Declare, to thee are earth's dimensions known,
The mighty axis, and the burning zone?
Know'st thou the region of immortal day,
Where dazzling beams in sportive glories play?
Know'st thou the cave where gloomy vapours dwell;
Or genuine night's inhospitable cell?
Art thou indeed by deep experience sage,

And have three thousand years matur'd thy age?
Saw'st thou the store-house of the treasur'd snow,
Whence the hoar drops in feather'd whiteness flow.
Who rais'd the magazine of blasting storms?
Pronounce, what mould the driving hail-stones forms?
Renew'd in light, whence the grey morning springs.

Born in a cloud on *Eurus'* balmy wings.
How is the swelling tide alternate toss'd
Back on itself in its own fullness lost?
How from the bosom of the heaving main
Are the press'd waters disembogu'd again?
Answer, whence momentary meteors rise,
Dart thro'the air,or trail along the skies,
Whence clouds, with sulphur charg'd, opposing break,
And the shock'd heav'n 's their rage in thunder speak,
Whence the wing'd flame derives its dreadful birth,
Tremendous messenger of heav'n to earth!
Why o'er the silent waste the welkin bends;
Why kindly rain on devious wilds descends;
Say, hath the rain a sire? Or tell me who
In subtile mists distils the copious dew;
Why chrystal floods in nitrous chains are bound,
And slow relenting frost congeals the ground.
How rolling waves to stedfast mountains grow,
While sunk beneath the pining waters flow;
Speak, can'st thou loose *Orion*, mighty name!
Or stop on high each orb of circling flame?
Canst thou arrest the northern stars that roll,
In paler fires around the gelid pole?
By me the *Pleiads* their sweet course advance,
And *Marzaroth* leads on the radiant dance.
I mark the circuit each bright planet runs,
And guide *Arcturus* with his humid sons.
Who in their turns the seasons can dispense,
And stand the substitute of providence?

Can thy strong call relieve the burden'
cloud,
And bid descending rains swell ev'
flood?
By whom are souls to gen'rous arts r
fin'd?
Who moulds the heart and cultivate
the mind?
Who frames the wond'rous brain, t
secret cell
Where thought first dawns, and cru
ideas dwell;
Where rip'ning judgment glimme
thro' the dark,
And slow calls forth each intellectu
spark?
The senses there thro' dark meande
rove,
Thro' ev'ry tender tube and fibro
grove,
Each a long train of images affords,
Reason receives, and memory record
Who stops the turgid bottles of the sk
Bids storms disperse and low'ring v
pours fly.
Who paints the show'ry bow, the gol
en stream,
The sun born beauties, and the vivi
gleam.
Again, O man! what species, sa
what tribe,
Wond'ring to thee their sustenance a
cribe?
Whether the feather'd race and sca
brood,
Or savage beasts that haunt the lone
wood;
Can thy all piercing eye the range su
vey,
Where growling lions seek their de
tin'd prey?
Dost thou with daily care provide the
food,
Or feed the raven's young voracio
brood?
From ev'ry nest their clam'rous hung
cries.
Heav'n hears the call, and heav'n the
wants supplies.
O'er earth, air, sea, and skies *Jehov*
reigns,
And he who form'd the world, t
world sustains.

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